

no. 1

The last Will and Testament of Father Peters

As it was found Quilted into My Lord Chancellors Cap,
with a Letter directed to his Lordship, &c. and his
Prayer to the Blessed Virgin of Loretto.

Meritorious Sir,

Understanding that you were to be my Successor in these Houses of Clay, I thought it would not be amiss to leave you my Executor, who next my Reverence have done the King the best service in the Nation, and consequently must be no Stranger nor Enemy to Fa. Peters. I have now laid aside the Sword of the Spirit and betaken my self to an Arm of Flesh, and having converted my Apostolical Robe into the Whore of Babels die, am resolv'd to visit Fa. Le Chaise, and send over the King of France with 30000 Men. I need not put you in mind of the terrible blow that shall come and none see who hurts them, nor any other private juggle for having made room for your admittance to his Majesties ear; there's nothing can fall betwixt the Cup and the Lip. It would be superfluous to tell you that innumerable Prayers and Indulgences for you and your Posterity after you, are together with this my Sanctuary, conferr'd upon you; I wish England do not grow too hot for you in a little time. However, I go to prepare a place for you. Be not troubled, your Merits and my Beads will never let you lie long in Purgatory, should all hopes fail, and therefore be secure of a future Happiness; be of good Courage and your Faith will save you. This I am sure of, and all the World knows it, that you have made to your self Friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness, so that you are like to feed well as long as you live in this World, and as for the other let not one melancholy thought make you soak your Guts one Bowl the less, for ile warrant you my Works of Supererogation helping out your Defects, I shall have nothing too much, nor you too little to bribe admittance into Paradise; St. Peter and I were Old Cronys, and as long as I have but an evidence of his own hand writing to produce, he cannot for shame but out of good manners let Me and my Friend in. However, Go on Bravely, Thou Son of Perdition, and fill up the measure of thy Iniquity, till thou grow ripe for Translation and Roman Calander. Divine Bard, and Reverend Impostor, into thy Hands alone I commit my English Spirit, and my last Will and Testament to be dispos'd of according to my appointment, together with an Inventory of what goods I have left in those Lodgings for your use; and a private Prayer to be said over 17 times a day, and the Blessed Virgin hear thee in the day when thou callest upon her, and make the works of thy hand prosperous, and thy Counsel like Hamons, or good Achitophels.

Thine Eternally, P. PETERS

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I Give my Soul into the Hands of the B. *Gabriel*, to be translated into Purgatory; and there after two turns of the Spit and one winding up of the Jack, which is enough for the Purification of any *Jesuit*, and from thence to carry it to the Lap of his Mistress the B. *Virgin of Loretta*, who I serve, and whose I am.

Let my Heart by dried and beaten to Rowley, and so divided into several Drams, to be drunk by all the new Converts in England, in a Glass of a *Hereticks* warm Blood.

Let the K. Q. and Pr. of *W.* take a Mornings-draught of my Spleen, prepared after the same manner as my Heart by his H.

My Gall should be at the *French Kings* service, but they have more need of it in England, therefore let that fall to *Sunderland's* share.

My Brains have overgrown me this last three or four Years, and therefore shall be divided amongst pluralities, *Peterborough, Huntingdon, Bishop Chester, Smith, and Chapman.*

Chester, not content with my Brains, snaps at my Kidnies, by St. *Francis* he's the likeliest Man to make good use of them, let him take them.

Let my Skull be carried to S. *Omers*, and Tipt with Silver, to be drunk in upon the Solemn Day that is Consecrated to my Name: and being filled with Blood, upon the Admission of every *Novice*, to be turned off by all the Brotherhood, at the time of the Administration of the Holy Sacrament.

My wanton Eyes I bequeath to the Nuns at St. *Bridgers*, and to those Objects of Charity that the Kings Alms were bestowed upon.

My Tongue, to the Earl of *Winchelsea*, because he has so little.

My Ears, to *Penn, Ferguson*, and the rest of that Tribe; or *Titus Oates*, that courageous know-post.

My Nose, to the P. O. who has scratched his out of *Scipio's* Grave.

My Teeth, to *Harry Hills* for Beads; or, to polish the *Rosary*; or, instead of it, *Aretine, Tully* and *Othavia, Rochester, School of Venice, &c.*

My Throat, to the Earl of *Essex*, to be shaved.

My Breasts, to the Q. who lost her own with longing for a Box of the Ear of the *Princess*, and Sauages made of *Hereticks* Dripping.

My Issues, to Queen *Dowager*, who they say has 20; ten to my knowledge.

My Instrument of propagation, otherwise called the Carnal edge, part to my Lady *Salisbury*, or *Stonehorse Spencer.*

My Prolifick Juice, to the Q. and my Blessing, together with all the Hairs of my ——— to make a Perriwig for my Son ———

The strength of my Back, to the K. together with all my Merits; some one will be apt to say, Your merit, quoth he, That's a Halter. Good Mr. K. if you'll put up the affront, I will, or else my intent being well directed I am clear.

My A — to the great Button-maker of England.

My Deputy Hair and my Aldermans Hat, to *Alfop*, and the rest of the gang.

My Razor let *Jeoffreys* shave himself with, and cut his Throat when he has done. My Breeches I recommend to the Q. use, to get her with C—— without the help of a Man; and the smell of my Stockings to make her fair. How beautiful upon the Mountains, &c. Let my Corps be buried in the Room where Sir *Edmund Bury Godfrey* was murdered, to fright his bodily appearance, and Ple to the Devil to choak his Ghost. 20000 *l.* for Swords, Knives, Powder, Fireballs, &c. 10000 for him that Stabs the P. O. 2000 for the *French* Dragoons, to be paid by *F. La Chaise*, for their good Service. 100 for him that Kills a Heretic: 1000 for the Col. of *St. Ignatio*, to invent and provide all manner of Tortures. 2000 to the Chappel of the B. V. of *Loretto*, to be converted into a Golden Chamber Pot. All this last to be paid by the K. as soon as I have sent him Money from *France*.

An Inventory of the Goods that I left in my Lodgings, to the Lord Chancellor, with their value set upon them.

1. A Piece of *Adam's* Figg-Leaf-Apron, together with an Apple of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. 330000 *l.*
2. A Frog, a Louse, and a Locust, that was upon *Pharaohs* Land, with *Josephs* Coat, *Sampsons* Jaw-bone, and half *Gideons* Fleece. 50000 *l.*
3. The Hoof of *Balaams* Ass, the Dart that kill'd *Abalom*, together with the Stone that slew *Goliath*, and piece of *Bathshebas* Smock, pris'd at 1000 *l.*
4. Three Chairs that *Solomon* sat in at Study, together with his black Fur Cap; and a Table that *St. Paul* made use of when he wrote his Epistle to the *Hebrews*. 2000.
5. The Parchments that the same Apostle sent for by *Timothy*, with the Cloak; *St. Agnas's* Candlestick, and *St. Winnefrids* Ink-horn. 3000.
6. *St. Francis's* Clock; *St. Dennis's* Fire-shovel and Tongs; a broken Chamber-pot of the B. Virgin of *Loretto*; and a little Sawse-pan for the P. W. that *Zacharias* bought for his Son *John*. 30000 *l.*
7. *St. Ignatius's* Warming-pan; the Nail of *Loyola's* little Toe; *Pope Joans* Placket; and *Bellarmines* Close-stool. 10000 *l.*
8. A Sir-reverence of *St. Clemens* in a Silver box; *St. Ambrose's* Glister-pipe; *St. Austins* Almanack; valued at 1000 *l.*
9. *St. Cyprian's* Bason; *Cicily's* Looking-glass, and Marmalade-pot; *Colemans* Halter; *St. Katharines* Tower and Curling-pin, with her Wash to beautifie the Face, which I have used this many years, and it waists no more than the *Widows* Cruife which I also have. 20000 *l.*
10. Some of *Pauls* fasting spittle in a Bottle, seal'd with his Coat of Arms, good for sore Eyes, and to restore even the Blind; a Nail of *Timothys* Shoe; *Q. Marys* Ruff; and *St. Margarets* Scissars. 3000 *l.*
11. A board of the Ark; a feather of *Noahs* Dove; a grain of *Lots* Wife, took from the Pillar of Salt; and the paper that saluted *Lyafs* B — 7000.
12. The Dirt-pyes that the V. M. made when she was a Child; some of the Dung that fell into *Tobits* Eyes; the Horas of *Nebuchadnezzar* when turn'd

The Nails that held our Saviour to the Cross; the Spear that pierced his Side; some of the Water and Blood that came out; the Inscription that was over his Head, in *Pilates* own Hand Writing. 6000 l.

14. Judas's bag full of Bread and Cheese; the piece of money that was taken out of the Filshes mouth for Tribute; some of the Water that was made Wine. 600 l.

15. A piece of our B. S. Cradle; the Manger; the Key of *St. Peters* back got into Heaven; his Slippers; the Bill, Spurs, and Comb of the Cock that crow'd when he denied his Master. 4000 l.

16. A part of the Nipple of *St. Agatha*; *St. Margarets* piss burnt Garter; the Table-Cloth, Napkins and Knives that were used in the Institution of the Lords Supper; the bed that *Pope Joan* pigg'd in; *Pope Boniface's* Cod-piss buttons, and our L. prayer, in our S. own hand writing. 9000 l.

17. A drop of the B. V. Milk which she gave to *St. Blasio*, when he thirsted in the Wilderness.

A Form of Private Prayer used by *Father Peters*.

Blessed Mary, Mother of God, Queen of Heaven, Saviour of the World, Giver of Salvation, the Almighty Lady, Author of our Redemption, I beseech thee to hear me. Bow the Heavens, and come down from that thy Throne, to hear the Petition of thy Humble Suppliant. By our Saviours Birth and Nativity, by the Manger in which he was laid, by the Gifts the Wise men brought, by the Star that appeared in the East, by the Swaddling Cloaths he wore, by the Milk he suck'd, by the Tears he shed in his Agony, by the Kiss given him by Judas, by the Halter with which Judas Hanged himself, and the Bag that he had about him; by the Lance that pierced our Saviours side, by the Water and Blood that came out, by the Tomb in which he was laid, by the Spices with which he was Embalm'd, by the Ointment with which he was anointed unto his Burial, by the Cross on which he suffered, by the two Thieves that together dyed with him, by the Quire of Angels at his Birth, and the Quire of Angels that were his Attendance at his Resurrection, by the Superscription of Pilate, by the High Priests Ear that was cut off, by the Name of Woman, with which Christ pleas'd to signify thy pre-eminence over all Women, &c. I beseech thee to hear me. Let not the Scepter depart from Analek, nor a Law-giver from the Jebusites; nor a Cardinal from England, nor a Peters from the Court, so long as the Sun and Moon endureth. Pray for us, O Blessed Virgin, that all our Designs and Conspiracies may have good Success; and Command thy Son to be so careful of the good of his Society, that it may be implanted in all the Nations of the World; and particularly in this wherein we live. Let him hearken to me, the Charmer, who Charm Wisely; nor be as a Deaf Adder that will not hear; nor as his People, that will not Obey. Make him resolute in his Religion, and true to the Cause which he has promis'd to maintain; and let the abundance of his Merits wash away the many Religious Vows and Oaths which he has made and broke, for the Honour of the Roman Church. We are thy People, and the Sheep of thy Pasture; if thou hadst not been for us, we had been swallowed up quick in this Heretical, damnable, Prejudic'd Kingdom, when they were so wrathfully pleas'd at us; but thou hast fought for us, and defended us. O go on to perfect this work of thine, which thou hast in some measure begun, and make all one Sheepfold under one Shepherdess, the Blessed Mary. Make Peter open to all that will open the doors of their Hearts to thee; and Damn all those Eternally that shall presume to refuse it, for thy Name sake, *Amen*, the Lord Chancellours, Salisburys, Chesters, Peterboroughs Merit, &c. Amen.

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come down from that thy Throne, to hear the Petition of thy Humble Suppliant. By our Saviours Birth and
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about him; by the Lance that pierced our Saviours side, by the Water and Blood that came out, by the Tomb in
which he was laid, by the Spices with which he was Embalm'd, by the Ointment with which he was
anointed unto his Burial, by the Cross on which he suffered, by the two Thieves that together dyed with him,
by the Quire of Angels at his Birth, and the Quire of Angels that were his Attendance at his Resurrection,
by the Superscription of Pilate, by the High Priests Ear that was cut off, by the Name of Woman, with which
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doors of their Hearts to thee; and Damn all those Eternally that shall presume to refuse it, for thy Name sake,
O mine, the Lord Chancellours, Salisburys, Chesters, Peterboroughs Merit, &c. Amen.